

The Examiner.

AND SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY WHEN FREE-BORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC—MAY SPEAK FREE."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

New Series.

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Here's "Christmas!"

HERE'S "Christmas!"—let us boldly greet him,
We may as well, for none can cheat him;
He will steal on, and slyly sprinkle
The first grey hair, and first faint wrinkle.
And yet methinks it little matters
What seed of Ruin-moss he scatters,
So that amid it we contrive
To keep Truth's Heartsease still alive
Within our breast.

Here's "Christmas," and it seemeth well
That Conscience to our deeds should tell
The just result of all we've done,
And trace the way our sands have run.
Let us peruse the closely-sealed,
The volume ever unrevealed,
And see if we have said or thought
No evil thing that shall have brought
Blots on our crest.

The heart is but a ledger sheet
Where Right and Wrong in balance meet,
And well it is that we should see
Full often how "accounts" may be.
Old Christmas has a trick, we find,
Of bringing bills of every kind,
So ere we drain the festive cup
We'll look within, and reckon up
The debts we owe.

Too many of us get so wrapt
In "own dear self," that we are apt
To dwell much more on what our bro-
thers
Should give to us than we to others.
Our grasp is quick to seize and hold
The kindness paid in moral gold;
But Equity, that bids us pass
The same again, oft sees, alas!
Our palms more slow.

Let us not idly shirk the task.
But face ourselves, and boldly ask
Our conduct whether it has trod
The path of Mammon or of God?
A more important "day-book" lives
Than that which worldly commerce gives,
Some brighter figures must be found
Than those which make the golden round
Of Profit's dial.

Let us take heed that no arrears
Are due to those whose silent tears
Are calling on us night and day
For debts which Mercy ought to pay;
Let us be sure that we have heard
The claims of Misery's lowly word,
And that our lips have never driven
The helpless and the spirit-riven
With harsh denial.

Let us think how "accounts" may stand
When the "recording angel's" hand
Adds up our columns—turning then
To the "great book" not kept by men.
No yellow dust will serve to hide
The errors made by selfish pride;
False items, though on vellum page,
Will never bear the searching gauge
Of holy sight.

So take good caution how we let
Delusion lead us into debt;
And let Old Christmas find us willing
To pay Humanity's last shilling.
We'll pile the log and drain the cup,
But not before we reckon up
The "balance-sheet" that Conscience
draws,
And God e'er keeps by his own laws
Of wrong and right.

ELIZA COOK.

A Tale of Jealousy.

(Concluded from our last.)

It was late in the autumn; the days were shortening visibly; the evenings were cold and gloomy: night closed in immediately after sunset, and there was no moon to illuminate the chill, dark sky. Helena was the first to arrive at the place of rendezvous; and under the influence of never-slumbering suspicion, she fancied, when she found herself there alone, that her schemes had been discovered, and that her husband would defeat her plan of vengeance, by not appearing; but a few moments sufficed to undeceive her. A quick, light step approached. What eagerness was in that tread, and how indignantly did her heart throb, as she listened to it. The obscurity was so complete, that she could not discern even the outlines of the person who drew near; but the perfume of ambergris, with which her husband's hair and garments were always impregnated, floated upon the air, and a low, counterfeited voice breathed forth the words—"Hist, Anastatia! Are you here, love?" directed her towards him.

She stretched forth her hand with a whispered "Yes" and grasped something which she recognized as the embroidered kaftan worn by the heads of the princely house of C—. In the next moment, the arms of the impatient lover were thrown around her, and she was drawn towards him in a passionate embrace. Transported to fury by the tender endearment, which she knew was not intended for her, if but for an unworthy rival, and breathing only the deadliest vengeance for her wrongs, the outraged wife thrust her hands in her bosom, drew thence a poignard, and, raising it on high, plunged it into the faithless heart that wildly beat against her own. The blow was dealt with such an unerring aim that the victim could only utter an indistinct cry, and, relaxing the grasp with which he had held her so closely embraced, fell heavily to the ground. Helena drew her breath, and listened for a moment; a gurgling noise in the throat of the murdered man was all that she could distinguish. Then followed a death-like silence. Terror and remorse suddenly overcame her for the deed, which, in a moment of frenzied excitement she had perpetrated, and, turning hastily from the fatal spot, she rushed homewards.

The first object that met her eyes, as she entered the house, was her husband! There he stood, unharmed, surrounded by his attendants, and in his riding dress, just as he had alighted from horseback, and a tranquil smile upon his lips, and he inquired whether the princess was in her apartment.

"You here!" she shrieked, running up to him. "I have not killed you, then! Oh! thank heaven, I have not killed you!" and she fell gasping at his feet.

"The princess!" ejaculated her husband, bewildered at the sight of her disguise, and her violent emotion, and raising her from the ground—"What means this phrenzy, and why are you so disguised?"

But she answered him not. With her distended eyes wildly fixed upon him, she passed her hands repeatedly over her bosom, and muttered to herself—"No poignard, no wound! and yet I struck him there, and felt his hot blood gush forth upon my hand." "And see," she continued, shuddering "there it is," and holding up her hand as she spoke, the crimson drops that stained it attested the truth of some fearful deed being connected with her mysterious self-accusation.

"Helena, dearest love," said the Boy-

ard, in soothing accents. "Something has terrified you: but you are safe now—I am here to protect you. Tell me, what is the meaning of this agitation?—what is the meaning of this blood?"

"You, Anastatia!—the sycamore grove!" she uttered, in broken cries. "Were you not there? now—just now to meet her?"

The prince shook his head, in silent consternation.

"Whom have I murdered, then?" burst from the lips of the unhappy woman, with a thrilling shriek; and, starting from her husband's support, she fled, with the speed of a maniac, toward the fatal spot from which she had so recently returned.

The prince and his attendants followed her—some of them bearing lighted torches; but such was the speed which the frenzied state of her feelings lent to her movements, that they only overtook her at the moment of her reaching the fountain. There she suddenly stopped, as though rooted to the spot, and shuddering pointed to the ground. The prince advanced hastily to her side; his attendants followed, and raising their torches, discovered at the margin of the fountain, the body of a man extended on his back, and weltering in his blood. The ghastly face was turned upwards, and as the glare of the torches fell upon it, an exclamation of horror burst from the lips of all present, and, Helena leaning forward, recognised her victim, with a thrill of agony which caused all the blood to thrill in her veins, and all her pulses to stand still. At that one glance, the whole truth flashed upon her with terrible clearness, and she comprehended, when too late, the fatal error in which her blind and mistaken suspicions had plunged her. There lay her son!—her only child—her beloved Demetri! bathed in the blood that welled forth from the death wound which her murderous hand had inflicted! He it was, then, whose boyish passion had been reciprocated by her young attendant; he it was for whom Anastatia had devised the love-meeting, which had that morning changed her own jealous fears into dreadful certainties.—

He it was, oh, God! upon whom her imaginary wrongs had just been so barbarously avenged!—The similarity of name and of dress had deceived her. Why had she not thought of this before? Why? Does suspicion ever pause to reason or reflect? Is not jealousy blind as love, whose dark shadow it is, is said to be? All this passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning, as that one awful glance revealed to her the extent of her crime. No words escaped her lips; but, as if struck by a thunder-bolt, she fell heavily forward, and lay prostrate, and to all appearance lifeless, by the side of the beloved son whose life had fallen a sacrifice to the rash and ungovernable suspicions of the jealous wife.

The first use that Helen made of her returning faculties, was to cast herself at the feet of her husband, and make a full confession of the feelings which had driven her to commit so desperate a deed, imploring death, at his hands, in expiation of her crime. But death, which would have terminated her earthly torments, was a boon which the exasperated husband was resolved not to grant her.

"Woman," said he, "you shall live, to die a thousand deaths every day! You shall live to curse the day on which you were born. You shall live to expiate, in lingering torments of mind, the misery you have inflicted upon me!"

And, inflexible in his determination, he caused his unfortunate wife to be conveyed to the Rock of Babake, where, in a rudely-constructed stone chamber she

was condemned to drag out her miserable existence, without being suffered to exchange a word with any human being, and with no companionship save her own wretched thoughts. Her senses failed her, under the severity of the punishment; but madness, instead of bringing oblivion to her woes, seemed to have imparted new activity to her faculties of suffering. Every evening, as darkness came over the earth, the poor maniac fancied herself again an actor in the dreadful scene which had stained her soul with the guilt of murder; and the frenzied shrieks she uttered during the night were heard from afar, waking the echoes of that dreary solitude, until daylight brought with it a temporary cessation of her agonies in the calm of exhaustion.

One day, at last, when the attendant, who daily brought her supplies of food, entered her prison, she had disappeared. Every part of the rock was searched; but no vestige of her was to be found, nor could any trace ever be discovered to account for her mysterious evanishment.

"The Papal Aggression."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER'S APPEAL CONTINUED.

Now for the question:—

Sec. III.—How could Catholics Obtain Their Hierarchy?

"We have seen that Catholics are allowed by law to maintain the Pope's supremacy in ecclesiastical and religious matters; and one point of that supremacy is, that he alone can constitute a hierarchy, or appoint bishops. Throughout the Catholic world this is the same. Even where the civic power, by an arrangement with the Pope, names, that is, proposes a person to be a bishop, he cannot be consecrated without the Pope's confirmation or acceptance; and, if consecrated already, he can have no power to perform any functions of his office without the same sanction. If, therefore, the Catholics of this country were ever to have a hierarchy at all, it could only be through the Pope. He alone could grant it. This is no new or unknown doctrine; it has long been familiar to our statesmen; as every one who has studied Catholic principles.

"Lord John Russell, in his speech in the House of Commons, August 6, 1846, thus sensibly speaks upon the subject:— 'There is another offence, of introducing a bull of the Pope into the country. The question is, whether it is desirable to keep up that, or any other penalty, for such an offence. It does not appear to me that we can possibly attempt to prevent the introduction of the Pope's bulls into this country. There are certain bulls of the Pope which are absolutely necessary for the appointment of bishops and pastors belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. It would be quite impossible to prevent the introduction of such bulls.'

"These quotations prove that, in both Houses of Parliament, the principle has been clearly laid down, that if Catholics are to have bishops at all, the Pope and the Pope alone, can make them for them. Then it enters as completely into the principles of religious liberty that the Pope should name the hierarchy, as that Catholics should have the right to possess one—a right as necessary for them as for the Wesleyans, that of having conferences with superintendents."

The next section deals with a more delicate and difficult question:—